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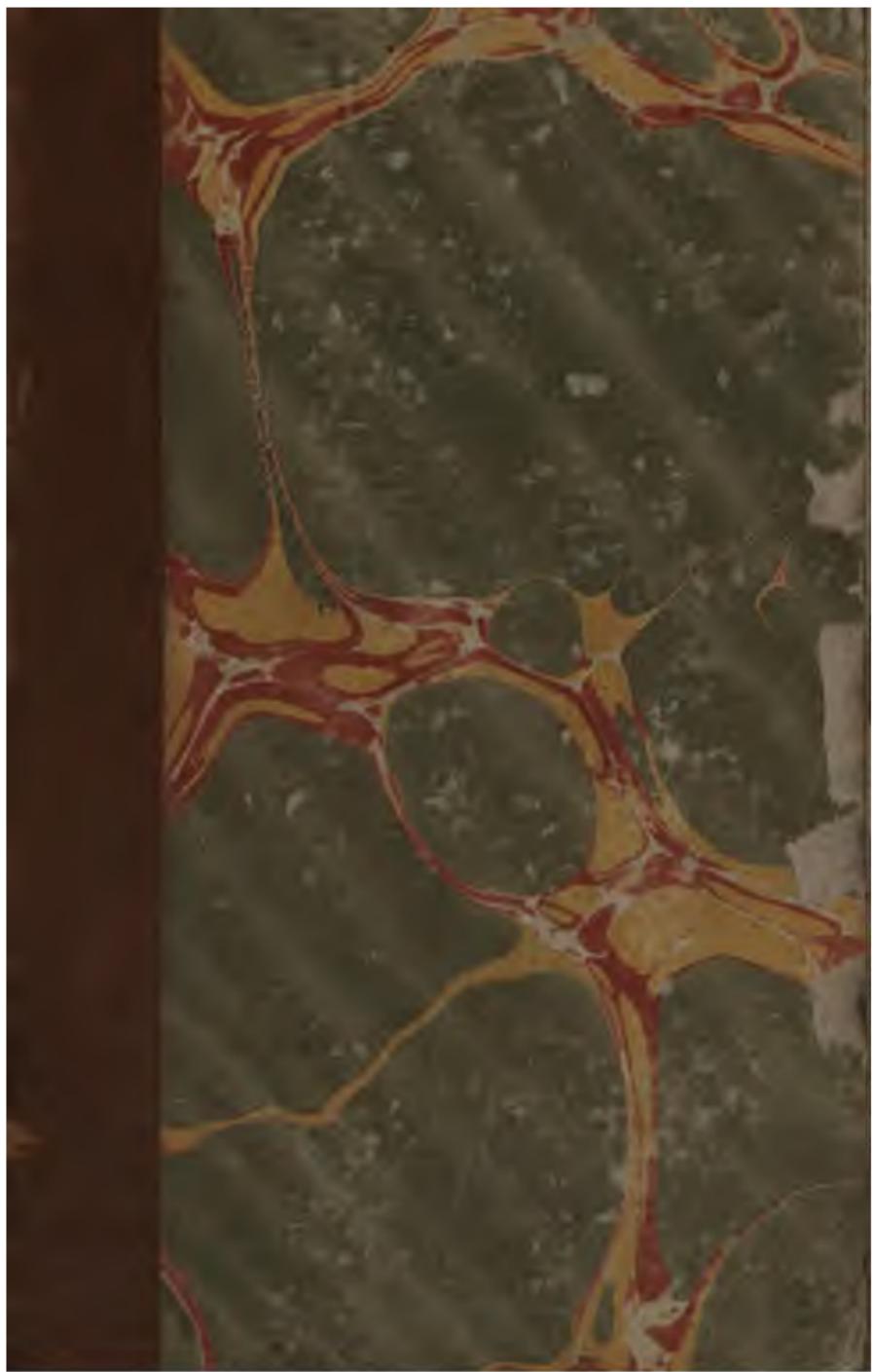
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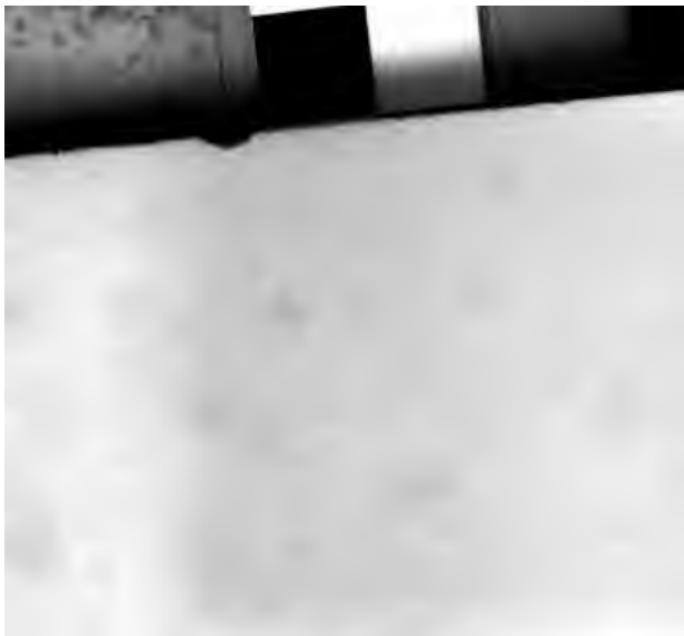
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Bits of Books

SELECTED

FROM OLD AND MODERN AUTHORS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing showed the ruddy morn's approach.
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dexterous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had screamed through half the
street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

Swift.

THE HERMIT OF BELLYFULLE.

“Are you a hermit?” we asked, with a wondering look.

“Have I not said it? The Hermit of Bellyfulle, and this is my Hermitage; this the Cell of the Corkscrew,” cried the anchorite; and he then turned to the pan, his eye melting on the frying eggs.

The Hermit appeared between fifty and sixty—nearer sixty. He would have looked tall, but for his breadth of shoulder and bow of belly. His arms were short, thick, and sinewy; with a fist that might have throttled a wild boar or a keen attorney. Altogether he was a massive lump of a man, hard and active. His face was big and round, with a rich, larder look about it. His wide, red cheeks were here and there jewelled with good living. As gems are said by some to be no more than a congelation of the rarest essences attracted and distilled from mother earth, so were the living rubies burning in the cheeks of the Hermit, the hardened, incarnated juices of the deer of the forest—the volatile spirits of the vine. The Hermit had no nose; none, ladies, none. There was a little nob of flesh, like a small mushroom, dipt in wine, which made its unobtrusive way between the good man’s cheeks, and through which he has been known to sneeze: but impudence itself could not call that piece of flesh a nose. The Hermit’s mouth had all the capacity of large benevolence; large and wide, like an old pocket. There seemed a heavy unctuousness about the lower lip; a weight and drooping from very mellowness—like a ripe peach, cracking in the sun. His teeth—but that *he had lost one*, as we afterwards learned, in active

service on a Strasburg ham—were regular as a line of infantry, and no less dangerous. His forehead was large: his black hair waning into grey, save that one lock, which grew like the forelock of old Time, was raven still. His eyes were small, and so deep in his head, no man ever saw the whites of them: there they were, like black beads sunk in scarlet flesh. Such is the poor, weak picture of the glorious living face: and then every bit of it shone, as though it had been smeared with sacrificial fat. The Hermit's voice was deep and clear; and he had a sweet, heart-warming chuckle, which came like wine gurgling from a flask. The very pope of hermits was the Hermit of Bellyfulle.

This worthy anchorite wore no weed of grey—not he. He had a capacious gown of faded scarlet damask, worn—much worn: yet there were traces in it of past beauty; goodly bunches of grapes, antique flagons, and Cupids flaying a buck. This robe was girded about the waist with a thick silken rope; a relic, as he told us, picked up in a pilgrimage. It had been a bell-rope in the best hostelry of Palestine. The nether anatomy of the recluse showed, as we thought, that all the vanity of the world had not died within him, for he wore black velvet breeches; and, moreover, seemed to throw an approving glance at his leg, cased in unwrinkled silken hose of ebon black. His feet were easily lodged in large slippers of cramoisy velvet, with here and there a glimmering of old gold lace.

A hermit would be no hermit without a skull. The anchorite of Bellyfulle was fitly provided with such tangible aid to solemn reflection: for he had the skull of a heathen Paladin, in the which—for the top had been curiously sawn off, and hinged, and a silver box contrived in the cavity—in the which the Hermit of Bellyfulle kept his best to-

bacco. He moreover showed his horror and contempt for heathenism by sinking the basinet of a Saracen knight into a spittoon.

The Cell of the Corkscrew revealed the magnanimity of its hermit indweller. Its walls were tapestried with sides of bacon, with hams smoked over fires of cedar and sandal-wood. Festoons of sausages hung from the roof, dazzling the eyes and melting the heart of the beholder. Frequent peering forth, with death-grim snout, a boar's head would show itself, to the ear of fancy grunting for the knife. And now, the eye would wander to a squab of flesh—a buffalo's hump—toothsome to rest upon. And then there were tongues, as many as at Babel, hanging on all sides ; tongues of deer, of antelope, of Indian ox, smoked and cured by Indian cooks. Glowing and beautiful were a hundred vitreous jars of pungent pickle, disposed about the cell with the finest consideration of colour and effect. There, too, was the delicious olive, in its mild, immortal green, for Bacchus in his after-dinner hour to dally with.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

SONG OF LOVE.

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
 To these abodes where spicy air
 Breathes perfumes, and every sense
 Doth find his object's excellence ;
 Where's no heat, nor cold extreme,
 No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam ;
 Where's no sun, yet never night,
 Day always springing from eternal light.

Chorus. All mortal sufferings laid aside,
 Here in endless bliss abide.

Thomas Nables.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over-stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps : for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars ; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than use ; for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.—*Lord Burleigh.*

TOLERATION.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself.
—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE WOODMAN'S WALK.

From "England's Helicon," 1600, where it is signed, "She Tonie."

Through a fair forest as I went,
Upon a summer's day,
I met a woodman, quaint and gent,
Yet in a strange array.

I marvell'd much at his disguise,
Whom I did know so well :
But thus, in terms both grave and wise,
His mind he 'gan to tell ;

Friend ! muse not at this fond array,
But list a while to me :
For it hath holpe me to survey
What I shall show to thee.

Long liv'd I in this forest fair,
Till weary of my weal,
Abroad in walks I would repair,
As now I will reveal.

My first day's walk was to the court,
Where beauty fed mine eyes ;
Yet found I that the courtly sport
Did mask in sly disguise :

For falsehood sat in fairest looks,
And friend to friend was coy :
Court favour fill'd but empty rooks,
And then I found no joy.

Desert went naked in the cold,
When crouching craft was fed :
Sweet words were cheaply bought and sold,
But none that stood in stead.

Wit was employed for each man's own ;
Plain meaning came too short ;
All these devices, seen and known,
Made me forsake the court.

Unto the city next I went,
In hope of better hap ;
Where liberally I laucht and spent,
As set on Fortune's lap.

The little stock I had in store,
Methought would ne'er be done ;
Friends flock'd about me more and more,
As quickly lost as won.

For, when I spent, then they were kind ;
But when my purse did fail,
The foremost man came last behind :
Thus love with wealth doth quail.

Once more for footing yet I strove,
Although the world did frown :
But they, before that held me up,
Together trod me down.

And, lest once more I should arise,
They sought my quite decay :
Then got I into this disguise,
And thence I stole away.

And in my mind (methought), I said,
Lord bless me from the city :
Where simpleness is thus betray'd
Without remorse or pity.

Yet would I not give over so,
But once more try my fate ;
And to the country then I go,
To live in quiet state.

And in an old ~~country~~ cap,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.

There was no open forgery,
But underhanded gleaning,
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worser meaning.

Some good bold face bears out the wr
Because he gains thereby ;
The poor man's back is crack'd ere lo
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no degree, among them all,
But had such close intending,
That I upon my knees did fall,
And pray'd for their amending.

Back to the woods I got again,
In mind perplexed sore ;
Where I found ease of all my pain,
And mean to stray no more.

THE TINKER.

—•—

A tinker is a moveable, for he hath no abiding in one place ; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage ; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity ; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back ; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchetts. The companion of his travels is some foul sun-burnt quean ; that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage ; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremoveably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment ; and so strong an enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work ; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages ; if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no farther than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but,

believe it, he is a lad of mettle ; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.—*Overbury*.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

“ And how did little Tim behave ? ” asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart’s content.

“ As good as gold,” said Bob, “ and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.”

Bob’s voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire ; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and *stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer* ; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous *young Cratchits* went to fetch the goose, with which *they soon returned in high procession*.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds ; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course : and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot ; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour ; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce ; Martha dusted the hot plates ; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table ; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast ; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah !

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family ; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last ! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows ! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to be witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it

Suppose it should not be done enough ! Suppose it should break in turning out ! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose : a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid ! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo ! A great deal of steam ! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day ! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that ! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered : flushed, but smiling proudly : with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding ! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning *he* a one ; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the *family display of glass*—two tumblers, and a *custard cup without a handle*.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done ; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chesnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed :

“ A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us ! ”

Which all the family re-echoed.

“ God bless us every one ! ” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.—*Charles Dickens.*

BEARDS.

Lewis the Thirteenth, king of France, succeeded Henry the Fourth, at the age of nine years. Because the king could have no beard, the courtiers resolved that they would have none themselves ; they consequently all became beardless, except that honest old-schooled statesman, Sully, who appeared in the royal presence with his old friend. The courtiers went further still in compliment to the royal chin ; they cut off the horses' tails, which made Bassompierre remark upon his deliverance from a twelve years' imprisonment, that he saw no difference in the world since his exclusion, but that men had lost their *beards* and the horses their *tails*.—*Pogonologia.*

AN EPIGRAM.

Nature, regardful of the babbling race,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face :
Not Packwood's razors, though the very best,
Could shave a chin that never is at rest.

Meno

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Shakspere.

THE GOLD KING.

“ Sole and supreme, the Spirit-King, I reign o'er
 all mankind ;
 Who rules the working hand, but he who sways
 the moving mind ?
 The heart of Adam's earth-born race I govern
 and control,
 Mine is the inner monarchy, the kingdom of the
 soul.

“ For me, their master, mortals all, as bondsmen
toil and slave,
For me the tiller ploughs the field, the mariner
the wave ;
For me the builder rears the pile, a temple
though it be ;
Aye, not a steeple points to heaven without the
leave of me.

“ Why delve they many a fathom deep, and pierce
their mother earth ?
Why, but for me, the sum of all her countless
treasures worth ?
It is by me they buy and sell whate'er is bought
and sold,
The metal of all metals, and the prize of prizes,
Gold.

“ The arts of beauty and their works, what are
they but my own ?
The canvas with its life-like hues, the all but
breathing stone.
Would limner paint, or sculptor carve, without
the golden fee ?
Man makes his graven images, in very truth,
like me.

“ Steel may the work of murder do ; 'tis I who
whet the knife,
Gold prompts the felon, and impels the hero to
the strife ;
The sword the blood of myriads on the battle-
field may spill :
But the warrior cannot draw it to destroy, un-
less I will.

“ War's instruments their thousands slay, their
tens of thousands I ;
I but withhold my aid, and lo ! what famish'd
wretches die !

Thereon how many have laid
for love of me !
Ne'er Moloch, in his palmy
burning throne,
Could gloat o'er human hecatombl
than my own.

“ The advocate with venal voice for
contends
For me ; and for my sake the le-
balsam vends ;
Nay, am I not the price of all the
sacred hold ?
For the priest himself his claspèd
and prays—for GOLD ! ”

Thus finish'd Gold. And thus
Hail'd him Arch Demon over all

“ Thou the ~~soot~~ - ”

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink ; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues ; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much ; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman, who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.—*Lord Burleigh.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF ERROR.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has *been in the wrong*, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief as is the blame ;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same ?
 He that can love unlov'd again,
 Hath better store of love than brain :
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine ;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom did recall,
 That if thou might elsewhere inthral ;
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
 And chang'd the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost ;
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging to a beggar's door.—Sir R. Ayt.

GOVERNMENT.

In Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled ; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp ; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature ; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge : which, as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained ; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.—*Lord Bacon.*

AGAINST FINE CLOTHES.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birch Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus his kitchen ? No, no ; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on, came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's *warehouse* : Adam's bill would have been taken *then, sooner than a knight's bond now ; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets.* The

silk-worms had something else to do in those days than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers. His breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble ; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece ; there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary of this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves to show. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies ; their hall, that now is larger than some dorfes among the Netherlanders, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop : they durst not strike down their customers with large bills : Adam cared not an apple-paring for their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, nor the Danish sleeve, nor the French standing collar : your treble-quadruple ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches for pride than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in point ; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashion was then counted a disease, and horses died of it ; but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic, and the purest golden asses live upon it.—*Thomas Decker.*

BOOKS AND SHIPS COMPARED.

If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are *letters to be magnified*, which, as ships, pass through *the vast seas of time*, and make ages so distant *participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!*—*Lord Bacon.*

THE STRENGTH OF KINGS.

They say that the goodliest cedars which grow on the high mountains of Libanus thrust their roots between the clefts of hard rocks, the better to bear themselves against the strong storms that blow there. As nature has instructed those kings of trees, so has reason taught the kings of men to root themselves in the hardy hearts of their faithful subjects; and as those kings of trees have large tops, so have the kings of men large crowns, whereof, as the first would soon be broken from their bodies, were they not underborne by many branches, so would the other easily totter, were they not fastened on their heads with the strong chains of civil justice and of martial discipline.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

A VINTNER

Hangs out his bush to show he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does under-ground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, “*In vino veritas;*” for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cun-

them as oft as possibly he can; e
of stealing and bearing false witne
neighbour, when he draws him ba
swears it is good, and that he can
the pipe than the wine will yield
bottle—a trick that a Jesuit taught
his own conscience with. When I
over-reckon notoriously, he has one
sion for all, and that is, to say it v
by which he means that he though
been sober enough to discover it
passed, there had been no error at al
Samuel Butler.

FEAR OF DEATH

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfin'd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames :
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free ;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.—Richard Lovelace.

PEDIGREE OF A HORSE.

The following pedigree of an Arabian horse was tied about the neck of one bought in Egypt :—

“ In the name of God, the merciful and compassionate, and of Seed Mahommed, agent of the High God, and of the companions of Mahommed, and of Jerusalem. Praised be the Lord, the omnipotent Creator.

“ This is a high-bred horse, and his colts'-tooth is here in a bag about his neck, with his pedigree, and of undoubted authority, such as no infidel can refuse to believe. He is the son of Rabhamy, out of the dam Lahadah, and equal in power to his sire ; of the tribe of Zazhalah ; he is finely moulded, and made for running like an ostrich ; and great in his stroke and his cover. In the honours of relationship he reckons Zaluah, sire of Mahat, sire of Kallac, and the unique Alket, sire of Manasseh, sire of Alshah, father of the race, down to the famous horse, the sire of Lahalala, and to him be ever abundance of green meat, and corn, and water of life, as a reward from the tribe of Zazhalah for the fire of his cover : and may a thousand branches shade his carcase from the hyæna of the tomb, from the howling wolf of the desert ; and let the tribe of Zazhalah present him with a festival within an inclosure of walls ; and let thousands assemble at the rising of the sun in troops hastily, where the tribe holds up, under a canopy of celestial signs within the walls, the saddle with the name and family of the possessor. Then let them strike the hands with a loud noise incessantly, and pray to God for immunity for the tribe of Zoab, the inspired tribe.”

CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

Richard had reigned a couple of years and a couple of months when he received his *quietus* on the field of Bosworth. If ever there was a king of England whose name was bad enough to hang him, this unfortunate dog has a reputation which would suspend him on every lamp-post in Christendom. The odium attaching to his policy has been visited on his person, and it has been asserted that the latter was not straight because the former was crooked. His right shoulder is said by Rouse, who hated him, to have been higher than his left; but this apparent deformity may have arisen from the party having taken a one-sided view of him. His stature was small; but in the case of one who never stood very high in the opinion of the public, it was physically impossible for the fact to be otherwise. Walpole, in his very ingenious "Historic Doubts," has tried to get rid of Richard's high lump, but the operation has not been successful, in the opinion of any impartial umpire. Imagination, that tyrant which has such a strange method of treating its subjects, has had perhaps more to do than Nature in placing an enormous burden on Richard's shoulders. His features were decidedly good-looking; but on the converse of the principle that "handsome is as handsome does," the tyrant Gloucester has been regarded as one of those who "ugly was that handsome didn't."

It is a remarkable fact that Richard III. during his short reign received no subsidy from Parliament, though we must not suppose that he ruled the kingdom gratuitously; for, on the contrary, his *income* was ample and munificent. He got it in *shape* of tonnage and poundage upon all sort

of goods, and when money was not to be had he took property to the full value of the claim he had upon it. The result was that his treasury became a good deal like an old curiosity shop, a coal shed, or a dealer's in marine stores ; for anything that came in Richard's way was perfectly acceptable. The principle of poundage was applied to everything, even in quantities less than a pound, and he would, even on a few ounces of sugar, sack his share of the saccharine. If he required it for his own use he never scrupled to intercept the housewife on her way from the butcher's, and cut off the chump from the end of the chop ; nor did he hesitate, when he felt disposed, to lop the very lollipop in the hands of the schoolboy. This principle of allowing poundage to the king was in the highest degree inconvenient. It rendered the meat-safe a misnomer, inasmuch as it was never safe from royal rapacity.

It has been said of Richard, that he would have been well qualified to reign, had he been legally entitled to the throne ; or, in other words, that he would have been a good ruler if he had not been a bad sovereign. To us this seems to savour of the old anomaly—a distinction without a difference. He certainly carried humbug to the highest possible point, for he exhibited it upon the throne, which serves as a platform to make either vice or virtue—as the case may be—conspicuous.

It is urged by those writers who have defended him, that the crimes he committed were only those necessary to secure the crown ; but this is no better plea than that of the highwayman who knocks a traveller on the head because the blow is necessary to the convenient picking of the victim's pockets. Richard's crimes might have been palliated in some trifling degree, had they been essential to the recovery of his own rights, but the

case is different when his sanguinary career was only pursued that he might get hold of that which did not belong to him. It is true he was ambitious ; but if a thief is ambitious of possessing our set of six silver tea-spoons, we are not to excuse him because he knocks us down and stuns us, as a necessary preliminary to the transfer of the property from our own to our assailant's possession. The palliators of Richard's atrocities declare that he could do justice in matters where his own interest was not concerned ; but this fact, by proving that he knew better, is in fact an aggravation of the faults he was habitually guilty of. It has been insinuated that when he had got all he wanted, he might have improved, but that by killing him after he had come to the throne, his contemporaries gave him no chance of becoming respectable. It must be clear to every reasonable mind that the result, even had it been satisfactory, would never have been worth the cost of obtaining it, and that in tolerating Richard's pranks, on the chance of his becoming eventually a good king, his subjects might well have exclaimed *le jeu n'en-vaut pas la chundelle*. In the *reputata questio* of the cause of the death of the princes, the guilt has usually been attributed to Richard, because he reaped the largest benefit from their decease ; but this horrible doctrine would imply that a tenant for life is usually murdered by the remainder-man, and that the enjoyer of the interest of Bank Stock is frequently cut off by the reversioner who is entitled to the principal. We admit there is a strong case against Richard upon other more reasonable evidence : and thus from the magisterial bench of History do we commit him to take his trial, and be impartially judged by the whole of his countrymen.—*Gilbert à Becket's Comic History of England.*

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void estate ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small ;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unlead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent :
And my content

Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth ;
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That sows my land :
 All this, and better, dost Thou send
 Me for this end :
 That I should render for my part
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resign
 As wholly thine :
 But the acceptance—that must be,
 O Lord, by Thee.—*Herrick.*

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated as to cheat ;
 As lookers on feel most delight
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight ;
 And still the less they understand,
 The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

Butler.

The following epitaph, by Bernard de la Monnoye, is on De la Riviere, bishop of Langres, who had left a hundred crowns for that person who should write his epitaph :—

Ce git un très grand personage,
 Qui fut d'un illustre Lignage,
 Qui posseda mille vertus,
 Qui ni trompa jamais, qui fut toujours fort sage.
 Je n'en dirai pas d'avantage,
 C'est trop mentir, pour cent écus.

CHARACTER OF HAMPDEN.

Mr. Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and license, had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or *resolutions* but such as he contracted from the *information* and *instruction* he received upon the *discourses* of others, whom he had a wonderful art of *governing*, and leading into his principles and

inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be ; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.—*Clarendon.*

SHAKESPEARE.

To begin then, with Shakspeare. He was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned ; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inwards, and found her there. I connot say he is everywhere alike ; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid ; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him ; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in *Shakspeare* ; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher as

Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.—*Dryden.*

BEN JONSON.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he had not translated in "Sejanus" and "Catiline." But he has done his robberies so *openly*, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers

he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his "Discoveries," we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.—*Dryden.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their "Phælaster;" for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessful: as the like is reported of

Jonson, before he writ "Every Man in his Humour." Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspere's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspere's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakspere's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.—*Dryden.*

GO, LOVELY ROSE.—A SONG.

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

Waller.

THE DRUM.

YONDER is a little drum
 Hanging on the wall,
 Dusty wreaths and tatter'd flags
 Round about it fall.

A Shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills
 Watch'd the sheep whose skin
 A cunning workman wrought and gave
 The little drum its din.

O pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills
 With velvet verdure spread,
 And pleasant 'tis amid its heath
 To make your summer bed.

And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills
 That trickle to its vales,
 And balmily its tiny flowers
 Breathe on the passing gales.

And thus hath felt the Shepherd boy
 Whilst tending of his fold,
 Nor thought there was in all the world
 A spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day,
 But change with Time will come,
 And he—(Alas! for him the day !)
 He heard the little drum.

“Follow,” said the drummer-boy,
 “Would you live in story ;
 “For he who strikes a foeman down,
 “Wins a wreath of glory !”

“Rub-a-dub and rub-a-dub,”
 The drummer beats away—
 The Shepherd let his bleating flock
 On Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt’s arid waste of sand
 The Shepherd now is lying,
 Around him many a parching tongue
 For water’s faintly crying.

O that he were on Cheviot’s hills
 With velvet verdure spread,
 Or lying ’mid the blooming heath,
 Where oft he’d made his bed.

Or could he drink of those sweet rills
 That trickle to the vales,
 Or breathe once more the balminess
 Of Cheviot’s mountain gales.

At length upon his wearied eyes
 The mists of slumber come,
 And he is in his home again—
 Till waken’d by the drum.

“Take arms! Take arms,” his leader cries,
 “The hated foeman’s nigh ;”
 Guns loudly roar—steel clanks on steel,
 And thousands fall to die.

The Shepherd's blood makes red the sand,
 "Oh ! water—give me some !"
 "My voice might reach a friendly ear,
 "But for that little drum ! "

'Mid moaning men—'mid dying men,
 The drummer kept his way,
 And many a one, by "glory" lured,
 Did curse the drum that day.

"Rub-a-dub and rub-a-dub,"
 The drummer beat aloud—
 The Shepherd died, and ere the morn,
 The hot sand was his shroud.

And this is glory ? Yes ; and still
 Will man the tempter follow,
 Nor learn that glory, like its drum,
 Is but a sound and hollow.—*Mark Lemon.*

CANDLES.

During the confinement of king John, the provost of the merchants and sheriffs of Paris made a present to the church of Notre Dame, of a wax-candle, (probably rolled up,) of the same length as the circumference of the walls of Paris.—*St. Foix.*

In the *Formulae of Marculphus*, edited by Jerome Bignon, he tells us, with respect to lights, that the use of them was of great antiquity in the church ; that the primitive Christians made use of them in the assemblies, which they held before day, out of *necessity* ; and that afterwards they were retained *even in day-light*, as tokens of joy, and in honour of the *Deity*.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

1666. 2d September. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach, with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near y^e water side ; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Streete, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of y^e city burning from Cheapside to y^e Thames and all along Cornehill (for it kindl'd back against y^e wind as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at great distances one from y^e other ; for y^e heat with a long set of faire and warme weather had

even ignited the air and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on y^e other, y^e carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seene above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame: the noise, and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous flames, y^e shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, w^{ch} they did for neere two miles in length, and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reach'd upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more.

4th. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like grenades, y^e mealtine lead running downe the streetes in a stremme, a

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ry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and
rches, was like an hideous storme, and the
all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one
not able to approach it, so that they were
d to stand still and let the flames burn on,
they did for neere two miles in length, and one
brede. The clouds of smoke were dismal,
reach'd upon computation near fifty miles in
th. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a
mblance of Sodom or the last day. London
, but is no more.

th. The burning still rages, and it was now
en as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet
ete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick
e, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streets,
flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the
es of Paules flew like grenados, y^e melting
running downe the streetes in a stremme, ar

the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but y^e Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was y^e help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall : Oh the confusion there was then at that court ! It pleased his Ma^{ry} to command me among y^e rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of y^e gentlemen tooke their several posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines ; this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have sav'd near y^e whole city, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of y^e people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than y^e Temple westward, nor than y^e entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night *so impetuous* towards Cripplegate and the Tower, *as made us all despaire* ; it also broke out againe *in the Temple*, but the courage of the multitud

existing, and many houses being blown up, such ips and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did ot so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. Here was yet no standing neere the burning and lowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharves and magazines of yle, rosin, &c., did infinite mischeife, so as the rection which a little before I had dedicated to is Ma^v, and publish'd, giving warning what might robably be the issue of suffering those shops to be i the citty, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Higate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many ithout a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or oard, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy ccommodations in stately and well furnish'd ouses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and overty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a d heart to my house, blessing and adoring the iceroy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of ll this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe nd sound.

7th. I went this morning on foote f^m Whitehall s far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleet Street, udgate Hill, by St. Paule's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, hence thro' Cornehill, &c., with extraordinary diffiulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The round under my feete was so hot, that it even urnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his la^v got to the Tower by water, to demolish t uses about the graff, which being bailt intirely out it, had they taken fire and attack'd th

White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all y^e bridge, but sunke and torne the vessels in y^e river, and render'd y^e demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church of St Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all y^e ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to y^e very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted ; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to y^e stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over y^e altar at y^e east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in y^e Christian world, besides neare one hundred more. The lead, yren worke, bells, plate, &c., mealted ; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, y^e august fabriq of Christ Church, all y^e rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all *in dust* ; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling ; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds.

of smoke, so that in five or six miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about y^e ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate city laid waste by a cruel enemy ; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statute, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of y^e kings since y^e Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornhill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the city streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduc'd to cinders by y^e vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest ; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by y^e ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse ; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In y^e midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme

begun that the French and Dutch, with w
were now in hostility, were not onely lan
even entering the citty. There was, i
some days before, greate suspicion of th
nations joining ; and now, that they had
occasion of firing the towne. This repor
terrifie, that on a suddaine there was suc
roare and tumult, that they ran from thei
and taking what weapons they could come
could not be stopp'd from falling on some
nations, whom they casually met, without
reason. The clamour and peril grew so e
that it made the whole court amaz'd, and
with infinite paines and greate difficulty
and appease the people, sending troops of
and guards to cause them to retire into
againe, where they were watch'd all this n
left them pretty quiet, and came home su
weary and broken. Their spirits thus
calmed, and the affright abated, they now
repaire into y^e suburbs about the citty, wh
as had friends or opportunity got shelter
present, to which his Mat^r proclamati
invited them.—*John Evelyn.*

FOLLY OF THE SWORD.

When the born and bred gentleman, to
coined and current terms, pays down his 1
pounds or so, for his commission, what is
the purchase ? It may be the elegant id
the calling ; it may be the bullion and g
the regimentals ; or, devout worshipper
be an unquenchable thirst for glory. I
moment that his name stars the Gazet
does he become ? The bond-servant of v

antly, he ceases to be a judge between moral
ight and moral injury. It is his duty not to think,
it to obey. He has given up, surrendered to
othor, the freedom of his soul : he has dethroned
e majesty of his own will. He must be active
wrong, and see not the injustice : shed blood for
aft and usurpation, calling bloodshed valour.
e may be made, by the iniquity of those who use
m, the burglar and the brigand ; but glory calls
m pretty names for his prowess, and the wicked
eakness of the world shouts and acknowledges
em. And is this the true condition of reason-
able man ? Is it by such means that he best vin-
icates the greatness of his mission here ? Is he,
hen he most gives up the free motions of his own
ul—is he then most glorious ?—*Douglas Jerrold.*

I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus, "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker !
To grant me this and 'tother acre;

Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
 Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
 But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;

Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 Just what you gave me, competence,
 And let me in these shades compose
 Something in verse as true as prose.—*Sh.*

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

And let me tell you, scholar, this kind of f with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, ar putting money to use; for they both work for owners when they do nothing but sleep, or e rejoice, as you know we have done this last and sat as quietly and as free from cares unde sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœi under their broad beech tree. No life, my l scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as th of a well-governed angler; for when the law swallowed up with business, and the states preventing and contriving plots, then we s cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and posses selves in as much quietness as these silent streams which we now see glide so quietly Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angl Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless could have made a better berry, but doubtless never did;" and so (if I might be judge) never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent r tion than angling."

I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this rose bank, and looked down these meadows, I of them as Charles the Emperor did of th

Florence, "that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish, which I'll repeat to you:—

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers;
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus, free from law-suits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan* and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

Izaak Walton.

* Supposed to be the name of his dog.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Shakspere.

There was a Newfoundland dog on board the Bellona, last war, who kept the deck during the battle of Copenhagen, running backwards and forwards with so brave an anger, that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. When the ship was paid off, after the peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore. Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast-beef and plum-pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name. He was so called after his original master, who was no less a personage than Victor Hugo.—*Southey's Omiana*, vol. i. p. 294.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

And there was another of our acquaintances who was also to be left behind, a non-combatant, and whose emotions and behaviour we have therefore a right to know. This was our friend the ex-collector of Boggleywollah, whose rest was broken, like other people's, by the sounding of the bugles in the early morning. Being a great sleeper, and fond of his bed, it is possible he would have snoozed on until his usual hour of rising in the forenoon, in spite of all the drums, bugles, and bagpipes in the British army, but for an interruption, which did not come from George Osborne, who shared Jos's quarters with him, and was as usual occupied too much with his own affairs, or with grief at parting with his wife, to think of taking leave of his slumbering brother-in-law—it was not George, we say, who interposed between Jos Sedley and sleep, but Captain Dobbin, who came and roused him up, insisting on shaking hands with him before his departure.

"Very kind of you," said Jos, yawning, and wishing the Captain at the deuce.

"I—I didn't like to go off without saying good-bye, you know," Dobbin said in a very incoherent manner; "because you know some of us mayn't come back again, and I like to see you all well and —and that sort of thing, you know."

"What do you mean?" Jos asked, rubbing his eyes. The Captain did not in the least hear him or look at the stout gentleman in the night-cap, about whom he professed to have such a tender *interest*. The hypocrite was looking and listening with all his might in the direction of George's apartments, striding about the room, upsetting the

chairs, beating the tattoo, biting his nails, showing other signs of great inward emotion.

Jos had always had rather a mean opinion of Captain, and now began to think his courage somewhat equivocal. "What is it I can do you, Dobbin?" he said in a sarcastic tone.

"I tell you what you can do," the Captain replied, coming up to the bed; "we march in quarter of an hour, Sedley, and neither George I may ever come back. Mind you, you are not to stir from this town until you ascertain how things go. You are to stay here and watch over y sister, and comfort her, and see that no harm comes to her. If anything happens to George, remember she has no one but you in the world to look to. If it goes wrong with the army, you'll see her back to England; and you will promise me on your word that you will never desert her. I know you won't: as far as money goes you were always enough with that. Do you want any? I may have you enough gold to take you back to England in case of a misfortune?"

"Sir," said Jos, majestically, "when I want money, I know where to ask for it. And as for your sister, you needn't tell me how I ought to behave her."

"You speak like a man of spirit, Jos," the old man answered goodnaturedly, "and I am glad to see George can leave her in such good hands. Sir, you may give him your word of honour, may I, that in case of extremity you will stand by her?"

"Of course, of course," answered Mr. Jos, who had a great generosity in money matters. Dobbin estimated him quite correctly.

"And you'll see her safe out of Brussels in event of a defeat?"

"A defeat! D— it, Sir, it's impossible. Do try and frighten me," the hero cried from his

and Dobbin's mind was thus perfectly set at ease now that Jos had spoken out so resolutely respecting his conduct to his sister. "At least," thought the Captain, "there will be a retreat secured for her in case the worst should ensue."

If Captain Dobbin expected to get any personal comfort and satisfaction from having one more view of Amelia before the regiment marched away, his selfishness was punished just as such odious egotism deserved to be. The door of Jos's bed-room opened into the sitting-room which was common to the family party, and opposite this door was that of Amelia's chamber. The bugles had wakened everybody: there was no use in concealment now. George's servant was packing in this room: Osborne coming in and out of the contiguous bed-room, flinging to the man such articles as he thought fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin had the opportunity which his heart coveted, and he got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was! So white, so wild and despair-stricken, that the remembrance of it haunted him afterwards like a crime, and the sight smote him with inexpressible pangs of longing and pity.

She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she too could be useful at a moment so critical, this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from the drawers whereon it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand, looking on mutely as his packing proceeded. She came out and stood, leaning at the wall, holding this sash against her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood. Our gentle-hearted Captain felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. "Good God," thought he, "and in

it grief like this I dared to pry into?" And there was no help: no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her, powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

At last, George took Emmy's hand, and led her back into the bed-room, from whence he came out alone. The parting had taken place in that moment, and he was gone.—*Thackeray's Vanity Fair.*

A PRATER.

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impudent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps down-right, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an ear-wig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.—*Samuel Butler.*

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined* in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pygmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.—*Lord Burleigh.*

My Lord Wentworth gave some very cavalier advice to one going upon a diplomatic mission; he was up to the system of courts, or he could not have committed himself by such a satire:—"To secure yourself, and serve your country, you must at all times, and upon all occasions, speak the truth; *for* (says he) you will never be believed; and by these means your truth will both secure yourself if you be questioned, and put those you deal with, who question your veracity, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, p. 201.

* Well-born.

AN INDIAN'S ACCOUNT OF A LONDON GAMING-HOUSE.

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part I don't believe what they say ; for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *soacham*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestic sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted ; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities ; for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmoveable assistants are all of them in their turn possessed by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blessea

Heaven ; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth ; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess him.—*Tom Brown.*

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow—
 No passing bell doth toll—
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state :
 Enter—no crowds attend—
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

BITS OF BOOKS

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh ! change—oh ! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod :
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Mrs. Southey.

B E L L S.

Wheatley, in his Illustration of the Common
rayer, says of *the passing bell* :—“ Our church, in
nition of the saints in former ages, calls on the
minister and others to assist their brother in his
last extremity. In order to this, when any one is
assing out of life, this bell should be tolled : but
the passing bell is not struck till the soul has
left the body. The passing bell was anciently
for two purposes : one, to bespeak the prayers
of good Christians for a soul just departing

and the other, to drive away the evil spirits *that stood at the bed's foot, and about the house*, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage ; but by the ringing of that bell they were kept aloof ; and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called *law*. In order to do this effectually, a high price was demanded for the toll of the largest bell ; for, being louder, the demons must go further off to be out of its reach." The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde, also assures us that evil spirits have a dislike to bells. "It is said, the evill spirytes that ben in the regyion of thayre, doubte muche, when they here the belles rongen : and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wyked spirytes should be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste."

There have been some bells of extraordinary magnitude : that at Pekin, in China, weighs 112,000 lbs. ; is thirteen feet in height, and three feet in the curve ; the metal twelve inches thick. Father Le Compte says, that there are seven of these sonorous monsters at Pekin. They had some very large ones at Nanking ; but their enormous weight brought down the tower, and they have ever since been buried in the earth. Father Kircher speaks of a bell at Erfurth, 25,000 lbs. weight. Weever says, "In this little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells, for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel ; about the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words :—

King Edward made thirtie thousand weight and
three,

*Take me down and wey mee, and more y^e
shall find mee.*"

THE STARLING—CAPTIVITY.

And as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty ! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least ~~for~~ a month or six weeks ; at the end of which, if ~~he~~ is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account ; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil ! said I vauntingly, for I envy not its powers which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened : reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastile is not an evil to be despised ; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarri-cade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint. I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained " it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. *In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over ; and looking up,*

I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage ; "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling. I stood looking at the bird ; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling. God help thee ! said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will ; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient ; I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling, "I can't get out ; I can't get out," said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened ; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile ; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught ; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change ; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron ; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his

monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven ! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish, in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood ; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice ; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there ; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the

little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh ; I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears ; I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

Bishop Latimer, speaking of the clergy, says, " Now I will ask you a strange question. Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing office ? I can tell, for I know who it is, I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening, that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England : and will ye know who it is ? I will tell you.—It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other ; he is never out of his diocese ; he is never from his cure ; he is ever in his parish ; there was never such a preacher in England as he. In the mean time, the prelates take their pleasure ; they are lords, and no labourers : therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in doing of your office. Learn of the devil, if you will not learn of God and good men ; learn of the devil, I say."—*Bishop Latimer's Plough Sermon, 1548.*

HOSTILE CRITICS.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them ; for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge, too, like you.—Pope.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf !
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
 Thou tiny image of myself !
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite !
 With spirits feather light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
 (Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricksy Puck !
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
 (The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
 Thou darling of thy sire !
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy !
 There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
 Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose !)
 Thy father's pride and hope !
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
 (Where did he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)
 Little epitome of man !
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
 (He's got a knife !)
 Thou enviable being !
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
 With many a lamblike frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown,)
 Thou pretty opening rose !
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)—*T. Hood.*

 DISPUTATION.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing ; it should be always so managed, as to remember that the only true end of it is peace ; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit ; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.—*Pope.*

SOCIETY COMPARED TO A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Authors are always allowed to compare small things to great ones, especially if they ask leave first; but to compare great things to mean trivial ones is unsufferable, unless it be in burlesque; otherwise, I would compare the body politic (I confess the simile is very low) to a bowl of punch. Avarice should be the souring, and prodigality the sweetening of it. The water I would call the ignorance, folly, and credulity of the floating insipid multitude; whilst wisdom, honour, fortitude, and the rest of the sublime qualities of men, which, separated by art from the dregs of nature, the fire of glory has exalted and refined into a spiritual essence, should be an equivalent to brandy. I don't doubt but a Westphalian, Laplander, or any other dull stranger that is unacquainted with the wholesome composition, if he was to taste the several ingredients apart, would think it impossible they should make any tolerable liquor. The lemons would be too sour, the sugar too luscious, the brandy, he will say, is too strong ever to be drunk in any quantity, and the water he will call a tasteless liquor, only fit for cows and horses; yet experience teaches us that the ingredients I named, judiciously mixed, will make an excellent liquor, liked of and admired by men of exquisite palates.—*Mandeville.*

Bishop Warburton says he saw the following epitaph in Northumberland:—

Here lies, to parents, friends, and country dear,
A youth, who scarce had seen his seventeenth year;
But in that time so much good sense had shewn,
That death mistook seventeen for seventy-one.

THE PHENIX.

In the East, they suppose the phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail ; and that after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ-pipes, flaps his wings, with a velocity that sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.—*Richardson.*

PARTY ZEAL.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent ; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians ; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.—*Pope.*

AVARICE.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.—*Pope.*

Vanes on the tops of steeples were antiently in the form of a *cock*, (called, from hence, *weather-cocks*,) and put up, in papal times, to remind the clergy of watchfulness.—*Du Conge.*

BEATING OF WIVES.

Laurentius Surius, a religious chartreuse of Cologne, in Germany, writes, in his book of Memorable Matters, as well ecclesiastical as secular, how it happened, in his time, that a German travelled into those parts (Muscovy), and married with a woman of that country ; and his wife made a great complaint to him, that he did not love her, neither bore her any kind of affection ; because he did not at any time beat her ! The German, hearing this, made answer, that he loved her entirely, and persuaded himself that blows could be no true signs of love. Afterwards, he used to beat her so extremely, and so often, that he found, by good proof, his wife did love him much better than she did before. But his beating was such, and so immeasurable, that at length the hangman broke both his legs and neck.—*Sansovino and Mario.*

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than
gravel :

*In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.*

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,

A sort of apostolic salt,

That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;

But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limped as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon *peccavi* cried ;
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretched hams and bending
knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

“ How now ! ” the light-toed whitewashed pilgrim
broke,

“ You lazy lubber ! ”

“ Confound it ! ” cried the t’other, “ ‘tis no joke ;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear :
As for Loretto, I shall not get there ;
No ! to the devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha’n’t lost every toe !

But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your
toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?
How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happened, burn ye ?”
“ Why,” cried the other, grinning, “ you must
know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas.”

Dr. Wolcot.

The wedding-ring of the Romans was called *annulus sponsalitus, genialis, or pronubus*. In the time of Pliny, it was only of iron, and plain ; it was afterwards of gold. The wife was accustomed to put it on the fourth finger of the left hand, because she believed there was a vein there which went to the heart. There were some, also, of brass and copper, with the figure of a key, to signify that the husband, in giving that ring to his wife, delivered her the keys of his house, of which it was her business to take care. Some of them have been found with these inscriptions, or devices : *Bonam vitam—Amo te, ama me.*—I wish you a happy life—I love you, love me.

GROWING VIRTUOUS IN OLD AGE.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they
only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leaving.
—Pope.

BOBADIL'S PLAN FOR SAVING THE EXPENSE OF AN ARMY.

Bob. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus we would kill every man his twenty a-day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a-day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation.

And this will I venture my poor gentleman-carcass to perform, provided there be no treachery practised upon us, by fair and discreet means; that is, civilly by the sword.—*Ben Jonson.*

HOW TO BE REPUTED A WISE MAN.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.—*P.*

There was one Hierocles, who asserted, that the torrid zone is inhabited by men whose ears serve them for an umbrella; and by others, whose ears served them for the same purpose, when they lifted them up. He boasted, that he had seen it; that he heard it reported, that there are some who have no heads, and others who have ten heads, four hands, and four feet.—*Steph. Byzant.*

The arguments used by the monks against the translation of the Scriptures, at the time of the Reformation, were not only weak, but ludicrous. “Should this heresy prevail,” says Dr. Buckenham (a prior of the Black Friars, at Cambridge,) in his pulpit, “we should soon see an end of every thing useful among us. The ploughman reading, that he put his hand to the plough, and should have to look back, he were unfit for the kingdom of God,” would soon lay aside his labour. The baker likewise, reading that ‘a little leaven will corrupt his lump,’ would give us very insipid bread. The simple man, finding himself commanded to pluck out his eyes, ‘in a few years we should have the nation full of blind beggars.’”—*Gilpin’s Latinorum.*

SECTARIAN DIFFERENCES.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.—*Pope.*

CENSORIOUS PEOPLE.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own runs to ruin.—*Pope.*

Absalom, the son of David, was the first who introduced the use of horses in Israel ; till then the kings used to ride on mules, and the greatest nobles upon asses, as we see in the history of Judges. Solomon, however, had a great number of horses ; but he kept them rather for pomp than for war, for he made no military expeditions. He had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen distributed in his fortified places.—(1 *Kings* iv. 26, x. 26.)

Whilst the fan-beards were in vogue, they were kept in that form with preparations of wax, which gave the hair an agreeable smell, and *the colour* that was desired. (There were blue beards in those days.) The beard was dressed over-night ; and, that it might not get out of order whilst the wearer was asleep, it was inclosed in a kind of *bigotelle*, or *petite* night-cap.—*St. Foix*, v. 2.

LYING.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes ; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope*.

Durand tells us, that, on Easter Tuesday, wives used to beat their husbands ; on the day following the husbands their wives. There is a custom still retained at the city of Durham, on these holidays : on one day the men take off the women's shoes, which are only to be redeemed by a present ; on another day, the women take off the men's, in like manner.—*Brand's Bourne's Antiquities*, 282.

THE END.



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